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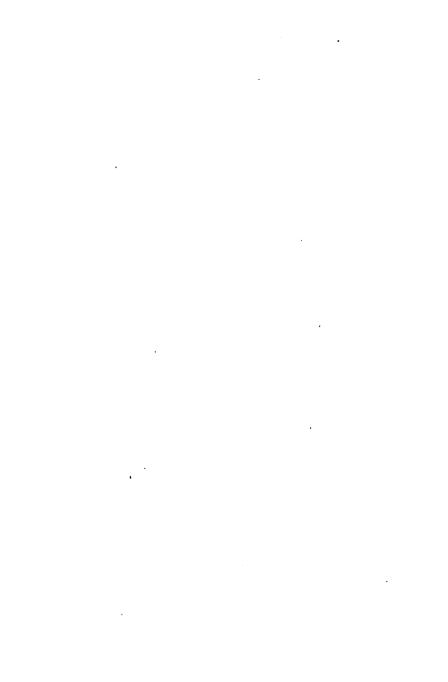
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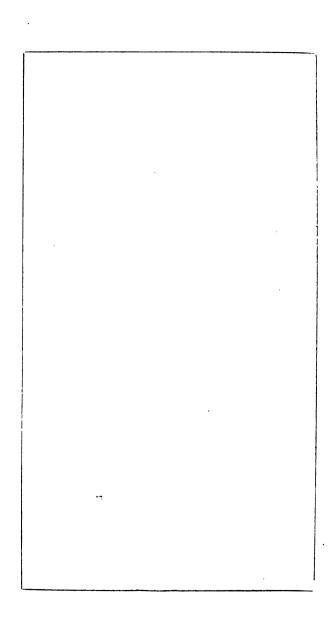


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Che Spirit of the Seasons,

AND OTHER POEMS.

# Spirit of the Seasons,

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY JAMES SPILLING,

COMPOSITOR, IPSWICH.



SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

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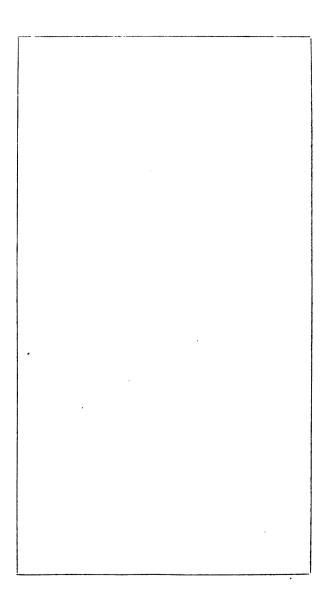
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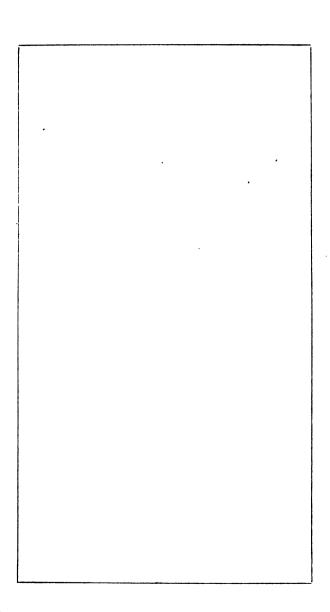
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# Preface.

The 'Spirit of the Seasons' was written for the purpose of being recited by a young friend of the author's, at a Meeting of the Members of the 'Ipswich Young Men's Association.' Doubtless the manner of delivery served greatly to obscure the defects, and even to impart to the Poem a charm. not its own. However this may be, its recitation was followed by a request that it should be published—a request the author has willingly acceded to. He trusts that this explanation, if it does not disarm criticism, will at least win the indulgence of his readers.



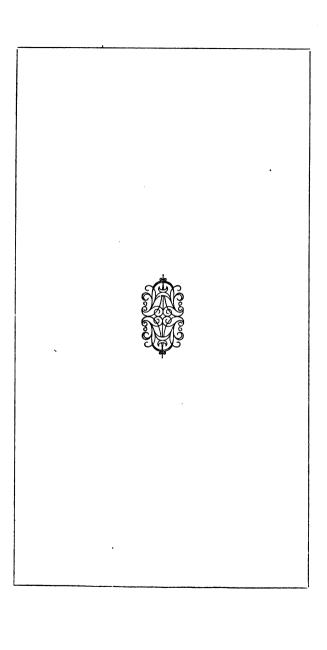
## Contents.

Spirit of the Seasons		3
A LESSON OF LOVE		15
ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE		17
THE HOMES OF POVERTY		20
THE ORPHANS		23
LOVE AND DEATH		26
Sonners-Plea for the Ragged Schools		32
Stanzas		34
Knowledge	•	35
Ballad		39
Woman		42
Song :		45
THE GAMBLER	•	47
•		

xii 	CONTENTS.	
	Brauty	746B 50
	LOVE	53
	THE SISTERS	55
	VOICE FROM THE MILLINERS' WORKBOOM .	64
	Lines	67
	Твитн	68
	VIRTUE	. 72
	LESSONS OF SPRING	75
		•

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Che Spirit of the Seasons: A POEM.





THE

### Spirit of the Seasons.

ALL things are dual. Every leaf and star

Doth serve a two-fold end. The universe—

The will of God revealed in beauty's form—

Possesses thousand harmonies to feed

Th' immortal mind, as earth's rich grain and fruits

Contribute to the body's health and power.

While musing thus I saw the Seasons pass

In swift review before me, as they taught

These lessons thus enwoven into song:—

First maiden Spring came dancing o'er the earth,
With cheek all beauty, and with eye all mirth;
And trill'd her softened songs far, wild, and free,
And flung green garlands upon bower and tree.
'Neath skies, where azure blent with silver
grey,

She spread wild flowers along the verdant clay;
And with her smile made all the groves rejoice;
And winds and waves burst forth in tuneful
voice.

Men wooed her to their hearts, and pressed her there;

And, while her soul breathed forth a hopeful prayer,

She kissed their lips, and this sweet promise gave— 'Immortal Spring shall triumph o'er the Grave.'

She came; she blessed them; then she passed away,

But not to darkness, or to pale decay.

She drooped; she died; she rose with brighter bloom;

And thousand songs swept o'er her fragrant tomb, As, ere 'twas closed, she rose to life again, And moved more glorious over field and plain; And tinged her perfumed path with rainbow dyes,
And made the world all light with loving eyes.
The maid had grown to woman. Spring assumed,
Her summer garb with varied tints illumed,
And led true hearts amid the wooded dells,
Where Sorrow sleeps and pensive Beauty dwells;
And, mingling with the tones of birds and bees
Her own soft voice, she sang beneath the trees—
While pointing to the blossoms smiling round—
This low sweet hymn attuned to solemn sound:—

'I come on earth, and from my golden tress
Drop gems and flowers the wearied soul to bless;
But far the sweetest of all flowers I bring,
Fresh from the garland of departed Spring,
Is that which never can from life depart,
But twines its tendrils round the human heart—
Celestial Virtue! Source divine whence flow
The honied streams that soothe all human woe!
For where the Christian knee hath bent in prayer;
Or Moslem hymns swept on the sacred air;
Or, where, by Ganges' banks, the Brahmin pours
His blood to please the idol he adores;
Or, in the trackless waste, where dusky lips
Tremble to feel great Jove in the eclipse;—

That flower divine doth bloom in every clime To light man's path amid the thorns of time; And, when it falls to wither on the sod, 'Tis borne to blossom in the smile of God.'

So Summer sang, and faded from the view,
With cheerful grace, into the distant blue;
Whence mournful Autumn issued o'er the
scene

And mingled sickly tints with Summer green;
And, weeping for his sister passed away,
Spread dying leaves along the sombre clay;
And stilled the birds' love songs as on his breath
Rose the first murmurs of all-conquering death!
He half dispell'd fair Summer's calm delights,
He brought us dimmer days and darker nights;
Yet, with his sorrows, gave a gracious boon—
The bounteous glory of the Harvest Moon.

Hark! slowly borne along the mystic dells

The 'Harvest Home' beneath the Pleiades

swells—

The peasants' yearly hymn—with whose wild mirth

The rustic hills and vales rejoice that earth

Again yields forth its tribute to the swain,
And crowns his toil with mellow fruit and grain.
And softly blended with the rising notes,
A voice more mystic o'er the calm air floats—
Pale Autumn breathes his precepts in the ear,
And swells the lessons of the passing year:—

)

'What, though light clouds fade in the rosy sky—
Though flowers live, bud, and blossom but to die—
Though human bliss declines at Sorrow's breath,
And Love's soft smile lights Beauty's path to
death—

Though Misery pines in children's dying eyes,
And Madness finds a voice in woman's sighs—
Though Poverty and pale Contentment meet,
And Labour rears the food it may not eat—
Though Murder steeps its hands in brother's gore,
And anarch War breathes death from shore to
shore—

Be patient, Man! The rolling years shall bring Thy thirsting soul to Love's perennial spring; And, bending near its fount, in after years Thou'lt reap the harvest of thy present tears; Thy hopes be realized in Faith's increase, As all Earth's discords harmonize in Peace.

And though His winds are burdened with the sighs

The houseless wanderer heaves 'neath stormy skies,

A silver sound o'er frozen England swells, In festive music poured from Christmas bells!

Hark! soft as prayers breath'd forth from cloisters dim;

Sweet as the sounds of childhood's earliest hymn; Pure as the song which angels sang of old When the glorious truth of 'peace on earth' was told—

The rustic circle, crowding round the blaze, Chaunt forth the carol of their Saviour's praise, Which tells how rose aloft God's starry gem, And led the wise men on to Bethlehem.

Aye! though the old man comes with tyrant might,

His calmer tone breathes songs of pure delight;
For though his voice will rise like ocean's roar,
It sinks as soft as mercy to the poor,
When, blended with the lisping maiden's lay,
Thus to our spirits he appears to say:—

'Although I tear from earth her robes of green,

And make a waste where perfumed paths have
been,

And take from man all things that please his sense,

I yield him back a glorious recompense—
That social beauty which adorns the hours
When night o'er earth's unsettled bosom low'rs,
That freshness of the heart which Love alone
Doth yield to all who worship round his throne!
I snatch all beauty from the summer bowers,
I waste the odours of the leaves and flowers;
But o'er the heart of man I gently fling
Diviner seeds to bless his Social Spring.

'Let ruin frown o'er mountain, grove, and plain,

My love with human life doth blend its reign;

And though o'er barren wastes dark tempests roll,

I rear my garden in the human soul,

Where Charity's and Mercy's flowers entwine,

And into one their essences combine.

I waft their odours round the poor man's hearth,

To exorcise the fays of rustic worth,

Who, while his home is blest by friends adored,

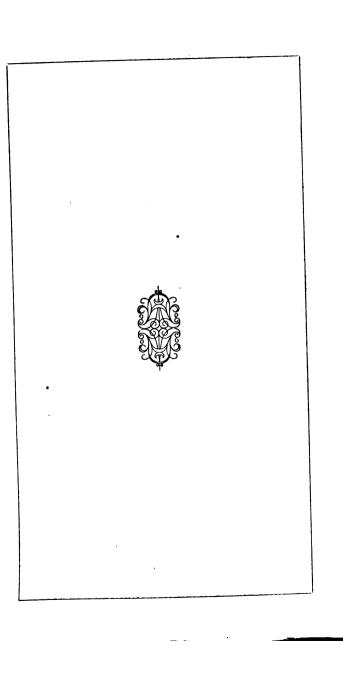
Spread plenteous smiles around his humble board;

Then warm his nights with hopeful dreams that soon

Life's wintry eve will brighten into noon;
When Spring, the spirit of the years deceased,
Will bless his soul with the immortal feast
Of heavenly flowers, as 'neath the empyreal dome
He treads, 'mid stars, his everlasting home.'



Miscellaneous Poems.



#### A Lesson of Lone.

Tноυ always lov'dst the time when birds came breathing

From golden climes their rich notes on our air, When 'mid the grass the tender plants were

wreathing,

Their star-like blooms like gems in Beauty's hair.

For then thy spirit communed near the fountains, Whence mystic hymns rose to the summer sky,

And moved enraptured by our groves and mountains,

And sought earth's treasures with a reverend eye.

And while thy heart felt all the peace of duty,
And holy awe, dear friend, on twilight eves,
Thou woo'dst the soul of elemental beauty,
To thy embrace amid the whispering leaves.

But she, thy heart's enchantress, maiden Mary,
With witching spell of summer smiles, have
made

The earth, for thee, gleam like a land where fairy Shapes sing softly in the flower-lit shade.

The stars have milder lustre, the pure blossom

Has rarer virtues, and the silver tide

Trills softer music, now her youthful bosom,

Protects the wild flowers gathered at her side.

And thou art taught that if her love will cherish
The flowers thus rudely gathered from the sod,
Earth's human blossoms will not wholly perish;
But, snatch'd by death, live in the light of God.

### Ode to the Wightingale.

Sweet unseen spirit of the night! Embodiment of calm delight! That on the silver birch-tree's height,

Pour'st, from thy tuneful breast, Those melodies that throng the bowers, Where silently the starry hours Steal o'er the gently sleeping flowers,

When, murmuring in her rest, Kind nature lists the lonely fall Of thy sad voice so musical.

As lovers' voices, when the ray Of evening softly melts away, With bright and gradual decay,

Sweep down the mystic vale; So, rising soft and softly dying, We hear, upon the breeze replying, A sadder sigh to thy sad sighing,

Thou holy nightingale;

## The Bomes of Poverty.

In sunny fields are quiet homes,
Festoon'd with shrub and vine;
And there the forest music comes,
And round the porch the wild bee hums,
Where rustic virtues shine.
But in the smoky city's din,
The fragrant wild flowers never wreathe,
Nor Nature's holy songsters breathe,
Around the homes where youthful sin
Is ripened rapidly to crime;
Where scents of death on every breath,
Are blended with the funeral chime.

The lady reared amid the halls
Where regal splendours glow,
Whose hours are past 'mid gilded walls,
Or where the rose-deck'd water-falls
Their rainbow torrents throw,
Would sicken in the loathsome den,
Where Misery o'er her offspring weeps,
And Ignorance all blindly creeps
Amid the darksome haunts of men,
Whose virtues fade as doth the flower,
When storms arise 'neath cloudy skies,
Unblessed by Love's paternal power.

There Vice and Want, a well-matched pair,
In filthy chambers lie,
And on the close and sickening air,
Dark Frenzy's first tones of despair
Rise in the mother's sigh.
There Death, as in his own domain,
Glares on the living skeletons;
And through their minds his whisper runs
Of waters gliding o'er the plain—
'A dreamless peace awaits ye THERE:'
One hurried knoll for the guilty soul;
Its memory dies with the hurried prayer.

The heart of man should weep to see,

That aught of Beauty dies—
The semblance of the Deity,
Smiling in sunny flower and tree,
Dim groves and star-lit skies.
But oh! what beauty's lost to earth,
When from the changed and chilly clay,
The human spirit fades away;
As useless in its innate worth,
As seed cast on the varying sea!—
Heaven's truthful word, breathed forth unheard,
In the Homes of Poverty.

#### The Orphans.

- Come hither, gentle sister, we will rest beside the flowers
- Which we have wove in garlands through the long sweet summer hours,
- And while the evening star doth fling its tresses o'er the wave
- We'll sit awhile and talk beside our mother's lonely grave.
- Speak softly, little sister, for our mother loved the tone
- Of childhood's prayer, low whispered round our Father's heavenly throne;
- Speak softly, little sister, for her spirit from the dead
- Doth bless us in these flowers that bloom above her earthly bed.

- Thou couldst not hear her soothing voice that moment e're she died,
- Nor watch the love-light of her eye fade faintly at thy side;
- For in that hour when first I held thy little form on high,
- I lost our darling mother's voice and closed her dying eye.
- Yet will I teach thy childish tongue to lisp her sainted name,
- And teach thy tender heart, that she its earliest love should claim.
- Oh, hearken! sister Mary! in these tones thy mother spake!
- Thou seest her deep blue eyes in mine! then kiss me for her sake.
- Oh! promise in thy lightest hours thou'lt not forget that she
- Who sleeps beneath, took leave of life in giving life to thee.
- And when in this low ivied church thou wear'st the young bride's smile,
- Forget not that thy mother's bier passed down that gloomy aisle.

- Nay, do not weep, dear sister, for the eyes of God above,
- In star-light smiles, shed o'er our hearts their promises of love.
- Yet will I bless thee for that tear thy simple heart hath given,
- Although I feel our mother moves amid the realms of heaven.
- But oh! thou'lt not forget her until I am passed away,
- For I will lead thee here, each eve, beneath the stars to pray,
- And gather the sweet flowers that grow above our mother's head,
- And cherish them as blessings o'er her orphan children shed.

# Love and Beath.

I mused alone, 'mid ruins grey,
Where sweetest scenes unite
With solemn thoughts and images,
To yield a sad delight
To souls that love the fields and woods,
Where beauty ever dwells,
And lights the clouds that smile above
Earth's green and flowery dells.

'Twas morning: and the auzre hues
Of that deep lonely sky,
O'ercame me with the dreamy power
Of its unbreathed poesy;
For Nature seemed to hymn aloud,
In cadence soft and clear,
That Love's full power doth light the cloud,
And rule the rolling year.

Love moveth all the clear-tanged streams
That kiss our summer flowers;
It glows in heaven's golden beams,
And falls in ripening showers;
It breathes from the young bird singing
Upon its mossy nest,
And smiles in the infant clinging
To its happy mother's breast.
Love sheds o'er earth, and air, and skies,
His light from rainbow wings,
And bids the flower of peace arise,
To gem life's pleasant springs:—
So deemed I, as I sat beneath
The shade of ruins grey,
Where 'neath the ivy's shadowy wreath,

The stream sang on its way.

But lo! a deep and sullen gloom
O'er earth and sky outspread—
The flowers drooped low, as o'er the tomb
Pale Grief doth bend its head;
The withered leaf fell from the bough
Into the stagnant spring,
For the spirit of death, with his icy breath,
Swept past on blighting wing,

And in a voice like that deep stir
Which wakes the charnel ground,
When dust falls on the coffin lid
With hollow dull rebound,
He bade me follow in his path,
That thus my soul might know,
A power more potent far than Love
Did reign supreme below.
Then on he swept, where beauty slept,
Amid the silent gloom;
The grass waxed sere, while Sorrow wept
O'er one vast hecatomb.

He neared two fair and loving twins,
With beauty in their eyes,
All bright with Love's luxuriant smile,
As stars in twilight skies.
They threaded softly through the grove,
All laughing as they went;
Two blossoms beautiful as light,
In one sweet essence blent.
But Death crept on with stealthy pace,
And passed between the twain,
To one he gave the chilly grave
For her cold dark domain—

The other lived on as lonely as

A beam on a wintry wave:

But, in the spring, the daisy bloomed

O'er their united grave.

He led me on 'mid crumbling tombs, And graves without a name, And smiled a ghostly smile, as near A Death-procession came. Hark! slowly, deeply tolls the bell, And slow the mourners tread, And sad the solemn hymns that tell A hopeful spirit 's fled. While bitter tears were falling fast, They prayed the funeral prayer, And silence, like a midnight fiend, Hung o'er the listening air; And then he drew me near the brink, Of that dark resting place; While cold, and thick, my life blood ran, A father's name to trace. Then frowningly he left my side, Deep darkness closed around,

An icy coldness numbed my heart,

And I sank to the barren ground:

I gazed above where wandering stars
Shot through the misty air,
And oh! I fear my impious curse
Is still enrolled THERE.

Oh! softly sang the silver stream

Amid the ruins grey,

While rippling down the dim arcade,

Upon its smiling way;

And sweetly sang the choral birds
Their minstrelsy of love,

Hid in the leaves that rustled near, Like angel tongues above.

And while the breath of love fell soft Upon my fainting cheek,

The low soft voice of beauty rose,

So tremulous and weak;

As she, the light that blessed my life, Stood smiling by my side;

And kissed her blooming children's lips, With all a mother's pride.

They led me toward our happy home, Beneath the aspen tree;

Where roses spread their fragrant leaves
To feast the honey bee.

And 'Oh!' I cried, 'Death may divide Life's empire, Love, with thee: And all that's beautiful and bright, May fade at his decree: And hearts that loved and truly loved May sundered be in twain: But Love with holier power shall close The bleeding wounds again! The spirit that gives the pathless woods Their ceaseless stir of life. That makes each leaf, and flower, and tree With solemn teachings rife; Can raise e'en beauty from dull decay, And bid the future smile With the immortal hues of hope, O'er misery's funeral pile.' Oh! lightly danced my happy heart, Beneath the grateful shade By falling vines, the wild briar, And spreading hazels made; And as I felt my children's forms, Around my breast entwined, I cried, 'Oh, Death! with all thy power. Life is not wholly thine!'

### Sonnets.

#### A PLEA FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

I.

The soul of beauty softly sleeps beneath

The dull cocoon, and in the violet's seed

A holy fragrance waiteth to be freed

By gentle dews, when Spring shall cast her wreath

Of gold-starr'd flowers along the blooming heath.

Immortal beauty 'neath a frame of clay!

This vital spirit of a thing of earth
Would fade in all its loveliness away,
But that a sacred power perfects its birth.
Thus virtue's germ exists within the mind
Of infancy, when on its mother's eye
It smiles its first sweet strain of poesy;
And blossom-like, unless from wintry wind
'Twere fondly nurtured, it would fade and die.

#### II.

Then rear, dear brethren, high the noble fane,
Wherein the spirit's beauty may be shrined,
That Virtue blooming in the youthful mind
May herald forth young Love's immortal reign,
And cheer pale Sorrow, 'mid the world's disdain;
And thus remove the curse from off our land
That falleth in the mother's silent tears,
Where Vice and Ignorance united stand
In felon chains, like age without its years.
The tree blooms brighter for our fostering care;
A sweeter perfume lingers in its leaves,
And nobler fruit adorns the autumn eves.
Then tend the human plant, that it may bear
The pearl-like blossom that our hope enweaves.

# Stanjas.

Breathe soft and low thy spirit's flow,

Dear maid, for o'er the skies

The silver stars their love-light throw,

More pure than thy sweet eyes.

From haunted glades and mystic shades

A holy breathing creeps

Along the ground, with dreamy sound,

Where Nature softly sleeps,

In elemental beauty bound,

And lulled by falling deeps.

And while yon heaven-voiced nightingale,
'Mid twittering leaves above,
Tells o'er the vale his plaintive tale,
We may not speak of love.
For though thine eyes dart soft replies,
As thy hand is pressed in mine,
The love that has birds, flowers, and skies,
For its eternal sign,
Is deeper in its purity,
Dear maid, than mine or thine.

## Knowledge.

Methought upon the verge of a sweet wild-wood,

A cottage smiled in fairy leveliness,

Whose hearth was hallowed by the breath of childhood—

By Friendship's voice and Beauty's golden tress.

The parents there were toiling in the meadow,

With hearts as pure as spring-time's earliest bloom,

The while their children played within the shadow Of lonely woods that stretched around their home.

The silver waters bounded in the sunlight,

And blent their mystic murmurs with the morn;

The silent azure smiled on high, like one bright

Full glance of Love upon the golden corn.

And as the soft-toned voice of Nature's children, Gave light and beauty to the rosy air, My spirit sighed, amid her dream's bewildering, That life was sweet and earth was very fair.

When rose a voice innate, sweet, pure, and holy:—
'Behold how nature smiles o'er earth's increase,
And blesseth with her balmy breath the lowly,
And whispereth through her flowers the joys of
peace.

Aye! life is sweet, when from the wings of duty, Unnumbered blessings o'er the world are shed; But man, in selfish pride, doth mar the beauty Eternal love along his path hath spread.'

But darker thoughts o'er all my mind came sweeping

As ceased the solemn voice—whilst shadows
flew

Along my path, as sounds of waters creeping

To the deep murmurs of the war-field grew:

Then past on thunder-hoof the charger bounded,

Urged by its rider to the feast of death;

O'er dying groans the battle yell resounded,

As crimsoned steel flashed through the cannon's breath.

The strife was o'er! The shades of eve descended:

The loving moon smiled o'er the leafy trees.

Heaven seemed all love! but death-like sighs were blended

With the solemn stir that swelled the holy breeze:

My dreaming spirit wandered by the water,

Sad as the lay a widowed matron weaves,— Earth's springs were tainted with the hues of slaughter,

And noble hearts lay cold as trodden leaves.

Beneath the happy stars, beside his dwelling, The father to his heart his children pressed,

And tears were mingling with the blood outwelling

From the deep wound upon his manly breast.

My spirit wept, when, rising in my bosom, Suasive and soft as summer breezes sighing

Adown the mountains, through the heathy blossom,

I heard the mystic voice again replying-

The voice of Knowledge! at whose exorcism
I saw—enclothed in streams of golden light,
Uprising from futurity's abysm,

While rosy tints spread o'er the gloomy night-

Truth's hopeful spirit, on whose brow was bright'ning

The beams of Peace to bless the fruitful world; In whose calm eye shone Love's immortal light'ning,

As Hate's deep gloom from off the earth upcurled.

Thus spake the voice:—'The missel-thrush outsingeth,

E'en as the thunder mutters in the sky;

And in the waste the fragrant flower upspringeth, For nature's innate beauty ne'er can die.

Be hopeful, then, for man shall cease oppression

When seeds of Knowledge o'er the world are
sown,

And love and peace shall join in the confession— A brother's joy is twined around our own.'

### A Ballad.

'My pretty page look out afar,'

The lady sighed at morning hour,

Ere from the east the silver star

Had ceased to smile o'er tree and flower.

And oft she urged her low request,
In tones that made his young heart grieve,
Until along the purple west,
The rosy day died into eve.

And thus he answered to her prayer:—
'The waves flash onward in the light,
And music swells the summer air,
But not to hail our noble knight!

But dearest mistress do not weep,

I'll charm those pearl-drops from thine eyes,
I'll soothe thy wearied soul to sleep,

With my low harp's soft melodies.

For fear not but our Lord again,
With victory smiling on his crest,
Will bring thee from the battle plain
A thousand wreaths to grace thy breast.

For have we not been ever taught,

A God protects the good and true;

And if his love be purely sought,

He'll give to all the grace that's due?'

But still the anxious lady cried—
'My pretty page look out afar!'
Though nought was present far and wide,
Save night adorned with moon and star.

And then she sought her terrace high,
And, gazing toward the west alone,
She wept beneath the star-lit sky,
And prayed beneath the maiden meon.

And at the midnight hour she heard
The tramp of armed men below—
Deep mystery in the stifled word—
And horror in the grean of woe.

Then thrilled through all the castle walls,

A woman's shriek of wild despair!

Then rushed she through the echoing halls,

With starting eyes and floating hair!

And threw her on the dying knight,
And blessed him ere he passed away;
And with his spirit her's took flight,
As rose to life the crimson day.

And when a little week was past,

And hymns were chaunted for the dead,

Above their tomb sweet flowers were east,

While there the page beat knee and head;

And said:—'Through all this world of ours,
A God protects the good and true;
And, though they fall like sun-struck flowers,
He yields, in heaven, the grace that's due.'

### Waman.

- Our England! she is beautiful, with all her shady vales.
- Her woodlands and her quiet streams, made rich by simple tales
- Which laughing sun-brown children tell amid the fields at play—
- Her daughters soft as southern gales, and purer than the May,
- When Innocence, with smiling eye and unadorned tress,
- In pure robes of simplicity arrays their loveliness.
- Our England! 'tis a glorious land, for beauty dwelleth there,
- In cottages where droops the vine, like maiden's falling hair.

- Yet in this land—oh! sad the thought!—pale sorrow ever dwells,
- While sighs of penury arise where pleasure-laughter swells.
- The lustful passions of men's hearts oft prompt the hidden crime,
- And thrust their helpless victims forth from out the light of time.
- Oh! soonest from sweet Virtue's bower is torn the the fairest maid,
- As fairest flowers are soonest plucked from out the forest shade.
- The flower torn from its native stem neglected dies away;
- So woman, shrouded in her woes, soon falleth to decay.
- There are breaking hearts by our lone streams there's vice within our streets—
- And oh! what bitterness of woe where wantonness retreats!
- Alas! for her. The broken heart perchance may find its rest
- Where Mis'ry sleeps, and the mother weeps the babe torn from her breast.

- But there's no rest for that lone soul, where Vice her vigil keeps,
- Where o'er departed Innocence remembrance sits and weeps—
- Weeps for those hours ere yet she dwelt in these low haunts of sin.
- Where smiles must lighten on the lip, though the heart be sad within.
- Oh, man! bethink thee of thy crime. Remember, but for thee
- Pure as the lily's snowy cup earth's daughters all might be:
- And England's white walled cottages, untainted by thy sin,
- Might fairy dwellings be without, and happy homes within.
- Behold you lonely wanderer, where the water spirits speak!
- How soon the cold white moon shall gleam upon her cold white cheek!
- And when kind death hath called her hence, and the pall o'ershadows her,
- This truth should stir thy heart, O man, 'Thou

## Song.

That sacred power whose holy beam
Doth light the groves of spring,
When silver skies and wild voiced birds
The year's first blossoms bring,
Gave Ellen's smile its simple charm,
When, in the twilight air,
She moved beside the mossy spring,
A wandering sun-beam there;
And mingled with the elements
Her own entrancing melodie,
As full of hope as robins' songs,
Ere buds burst on the tree.

A blending of the beautiful
With love's immortal breath,
Doth lure the heart through gem-lit paths
Into the shades of death.

For lonely as the fading rose
In autumn's blighting showers,
Beside the mossy spring she mourned,
'Mid dying leaves and flowers;
And as the moorland's dreary sigh,
Along her drooping spirit swept,
A sadder sigh through her wan lips,
In mournful cadence crept.

Yet still amid the wintry snows,
She sought the wilds afar,
Her love-lorn heart as desolate
As night without a star.
But ah! she faded in her grief
As died the snow-drop's bloom;
For when the April sun smiled o'er
The young year's icy tomb,
No more beside the mossy spring,
Her breathing charmed the budding leaves.
But mystic voices whispered there,
In summer twilight eves.

# Che Gambler.

- You ask me, Harry, why no more I mingle with the throng
- Where madness shakes the dice box to the drunkard's idle song!
- Oh! pause while all the solemn stars are rising in the sky,
- And listen with an earnest soul, and I will tell you why.
- The eve had come, the blessed eve, the friend of all who toil!
- When honest hearts, beneath the thatch, forget the day's turmoil.
- I left my own all-hallowed hearth my smile should have made bright,
- To share, amid the haunts of sin, the gambler's wild delight.

- 'Come back, my child,' my mother cried, 'a curse lies on your way.'
- My sick wife raised her mild blue eyes, but not a word did say.
- An evil spirit's whisperings drowned the warning in mine ear;
- And led me on, with wanton smile, upon my dark career.
- Hurrah! how brightly smiled the wine! how light the song went round!
- What fair girls led the lightsome dance, 'mid music's silver sound!
- I heeded not how flew the hours on silken wings away,
- As ev'ning deadened into night, and night sprang into day.
- Till waned my fortune's star: and lo! a ruined man sat there,
- Whose past, dear friend, was black with crime whose future with despair;
- Then suddenly I seemed to hear, rise o'er the dulcet song,
- A woman's wail, that breathed a tale of suffering and wrong.

- With frenzy speed I left the room. A dread hung hovering o'er
- My guilty soul that I should see my dying wife no more.
- I reached my house, and round the rooms a solemn silence lay,
- As deep as when the midnight hour enwraps the lifeless clay.
- There hung my mother o'er the bed! grief in her stifled breath!
- O, spare me, God! my wife lay there, her wan lips closed in death.
- I bent and kissed her sunken cheeks; I wept that she was dead;
- I vowed a vow to mend my life before the soul just fled.
- And though 'twas but a dream, dear friend, I'll strive to keep that vow;
- And never more seek pleasure, when it clouds another's brow.
- Then spend your hours beside my hearth—there's love and plenty there,
- And thou shalt have the corner seat, and I my old arm chair.

### Beauty.

In search of the glories that shine o'er our earth Young Beauty went forth, with his heart full of mirth,

And joyfully marked the pearl-light of the dews
Which spirits of eve o'er the cool earth diffuse,
In deep mossy buds of the op'ning rose lie
Like fresh laughing tears in a rosy child's eye.
He owned in his joy that his soft gentle power
Gave life to the scene in the still morning
hour.

He wandered along to the flower-gem'd river; He sighed that Misfortune so often should shiver, Where now life breathed in beautiful things, Flitting all light on their glory-tipped wings, 'Mid flowers all gold—while birds on high Poured dreamy songs from the azure-lit sky. His heart drank deep at the fount of bliss, Yet felt there were fairer scenes than this.

When heaven's deep glory began to fade,
He entered the dim wood's sombre shade,
Where Silence sleepeth its dreamless sleep,
And selfish Solitude goes to weep.
There all was still, save when the young bird
With its twittering wing the oak leaf stirred,
And when swept along on the solemn hush
The fitful song of the woodland thrush.

He gazed through the trees. By a silvery spring,

Which made the air rich with its murmuring, He saw the young mother with wild flowers crowned—

Flowers which her children had gathered around, As softly sprang forth from their hearts' full glee

Love's musical tones in their minstrelsie.

All breathless he stood in his earnest mirth:—

'Aye! these are the rarest beauties of earth.'

'For what are earth's flowers by her glistening floods,

To the lovely dawn of humanity's buds?

Or the magic that dwells in the voice of the streams—

Or the deep holy power in the star's silver beams—
To the beauty, the truth, the mercy that dwell
In that mansion of God—the soul's secret cell,
Ere prejudice, passion, and hate have combined
To blight the sweet flowers that bloom in the
mind?'

### Lune.

'I ne'er shall forget, my dear husband, the day We sought the green valleys afar;

Where young cowslips cheer the sad nightingale's lay

When heaven unveils the eve star.

For there I first felt the pure warm sacred glow Of love's genial smile in my breast;

While soft music moved on the deep breeze below, As the stream rippled on to its rest.

'Ah! then, in life's morn, I was changeful and wild,

As wild birds that flit o'er the brake;

Whilst thou, in thy virtue, wast gentle and mild, As moon-beams that sleep on the lake.

I, fickle as morn, when the April wind sweeps Rich music from streamlet and grove;

Thou, steadfast and true as the star light that sleeps

In beauty eternal above.'

'Ah! yes, my dear Kate,' her hale husband replied,

Whose soul with its soft impulse shook,

As he thought of those hours when his goldenhaired bride,

Lit his dreams by the mellow-voiced brook.

- 'For oh! my dear Kate, they its nature belie,
- · Who tell us that Love's holy fire
- Is bred by the soul's selfish feelings, to die
  When fleets the warm breath of desire.
- 'True love is a flower that for ever will bloom,
- Though hope's gentle sunshine should cease;
  It sheds its sweet perfume e'en o'er the cold tomb.
  - Where lie the sad relics of peace.
- And time shall ne'er make its young glories decay; The future its blossoms shall bless;
- For thou'rt dear to my heart, though thy hair be grown grey,

As thou wast with thy sunshiny tress.

# Che Sisters.

Whilst standing here, 'mid tombs and nameless graves,

There flashes o'er my memory, like a strain
Of half forgotten minstrelsy, a tale
Where joy and woe are mingled like the clouds
Of storm and sunshine on a summer's day.
Light lie the sod upon their graves, pure hearts!
The spirit of the hopes and loves of those
Who sleep beneath reviveth in the flowers
Whose fragrance falleth on their silent dust!

Oh! holy Love! most sacred flower of earth! How often dost thou blossom in the breast, Thy perfume never passing from the lips, Save when, amid the lonely twilight hours, It riseth from the heart, and mingles with The creeping star-light and the scents of eve. And often, too, the spirit of our dreams,—One smile from whose deep violet-tinted eyes

Would rear for us a blooming paradise,
All love and beauty on this gloomy earth—
Moves onward to the chilly realms of shade,
Unconscious that a golden treasure lies
Along its path, and that a priceless bloom
Lies crushed and dying 'neath its fairy tread.

Beside the chalk-cliff, near the heathy hill, Half hidden by the clustering shrubs and trees,

A lonely dwelling stood. Though past away,
It lives in memory, like the last faint smile
That lightened on a dying parent's lips.
'Twas not alone that beauty o'er the hills
Spread forth her chiefest treasures; not alone
That silver music trembled through the glade,
Or healthy breezes stirred the fragrant heath,
That Henry Allen thither bent his steps,
Pensive and sad, at dewy morn and eve.
A power more magical than that which sways
The needle toward the pole o'ercame his soul,
And drew its deepest sympathies to her
Whose pure lips breathed around the cottage
walls.

The charm that bound his heart.

Ah! power divine!—

He loved, but never breathed his love! The winds
Attuned their softest whispers to her name;
The various voices of the tuneful hills,
Rehearsed her praises in his partial ear;
While ev'ry form of grace, each flower and stream,
Was rich with beauty borrowed from her eyes.
The purple and the rose-tints of the west
Commingled with the music of his soul
And mellowed o'er his dreams. Ah! sweet to
dream

That he and she were portions of that glory
Living and moving on you golden peaks,
Like spirits, gliding in the rainbow's hues,
And breathing forth their lives on lips of love!
But seldom are the dreams of youth distilled
From Truth's alembic by prophetic power.
He loved, but never breathed his love! and oft
Would pass beside the cottage, where she stood
With arms enwreathed around her sister's form,
With heedless step and cold averted eye;
While, softly rising through his lying lips,
He hymned a light tune from a heavy heart.
He loved, but never breathed his love! he deemed
A humble artizan might not aspire

To beauty such as her's. And thus he pined
In secret and in solitude, till all
The season's dying splendour strewed the plain.
Yet still he ever passed the cottage porch—
Drawn thither by a chain invisible,
Composed of dewy flowers, by passion bound,
And wrought by Love 'mid songs of birds and bees,
When eve's first stars were smiling on the act—
Till, through the crested rifts of drifted snow,
He saw the black scarfs flutter in the breeze;
While she he loved mourned o'er her father's bier,
And from his grave turned helpless and forlorn.

And now she wept and languished day by day;
She heard no sound, except her sister's sigh;
Grief reared his throne within her bleeding heart,
And cast her on the cheerless couch of woe.
And now for him, the voices on the hills
Were changed to requiems of death! He mused
Less often in the valleys and the groves;
But toiled with never ceasing toil; and yet
Each day grew poorer as his toil increased.
And none knew why, save one meek girl, who bent
Beside her wasting sister's sleepless couch,
And sang soft hymns to soothe her languid sense.

But soon in maiden whispers, soft and low,
The long-kept secret 'tween the sisters died—
And all the truth was told. And then she rose
With resolution beaming in her eyes,
And in her soul that sympathetic power
Which binds the varied universe in one;
For there the Deity of Love upreared
His throne of genial sunlight, while he gave
An energy and purpose to her acts.

'Twas now too late! Far from his early home,
His native hills, and woods, and vales he fled.
Though misery there had breathed upon the
wind

Its pestilential breath, they had been fair
To him whose soul was drunken with its dreams,
But that the darkest curse that man can
know—

To beg for slavery, and be denied—
Drove him, and followed him, afar from home.

She heard it, but despaired not! In her heart

There rose a voice which through her spirit
sent

A whisper hopeful as the rustling tones

That charm the forest 'mid the leaves of spring.

Again the deep carnationed hues of health

Burst forth upon her cheek; her amber hair

Again was woven in tresses; and her eyes

Smiled like those blue-eyed daughters of the

streams

Beneath a July sky. With every moon

A brighter beauty gathered round her brow,
While deeper shadows o'er her sister's fell;
Whom she would ask in soft and winning tone—

'Why are you sad, dear sister, dearer far
Than all the treasures of the East to me?
Our father sleepeth 'neath the silent sod
A sweet unbroken slumber. It would grieve
His tender heart to know his children grieved!
Why are you sad, dear sister, tell me why?'
And she would answer with a careless tene,
And force a smile upon her sickly cheek:
But oh! 'twas feeble as a wintry beam
Upon a waste of snow. Yet when the night
Fell cold and dark upon the hidden world,
Alone she would retire and weep alone.
And now through all the joyful village ran
The rumour that young Allen had returned.

The orange tints of the expiring eve

Were gilding earth with all their bounteous power.

The poetry of promise breathed from thence
Low whispered hopes of brighter hours than this.

The sisters sat beside the cottage now,
As pure and lovely as two budding flowers

Bending their heads upon one fragile stem,
And joying in the eve-light. Beauty's dreams

Were mingled with their thoughts. The songs of birds

Seemed distant echoes of their own soft tongues.

A light step neared. That unresistless chain Had stretched itself across the mighty world;

Had wound itself around his dving heart;

And drawn him once more toward the cottage porch.

He neared; and, for the first time in his life, He turned his eyes to where the sisters formed

A picture rich in rustic loveliness;

He passed, he turned, went on, then turned again,

And stood at length beside the cottage door.

A maiden bashfulness o'erspread her cheek;

Yet duty's voice spake in her woman's soul,

And flushed through all her frame. For she had spoke

In dreams with him, with him had changed her vows.

She knew how priceless is a pure good heart, And took it to her breast and nursed it there.

Oh! were not now the holy hopes that lit The visions of his early days fulfilled. As through the valleys, 'neath the dewy trees. They wandered hand in hand, and heart in heart? How rich were they in all that blesses life! How rich in spiritual truth and bliss! As happy as the happy stars that smiled A smile of peace upon their loving hearts! But sorrow ever mingles with our joy. As poison dwelleth in the floral bell! While breathing at the holy altar's side The words that blent her maiden name in his. In secret and in solitude one pure And truthful heart, shed bitter tears of grief. Of grief! Why should her sister grieve? tears

Perchance were tears of joy at others' bliss?

Or welled they from a deeper fount than this?

'Twas strange she grieved while those she loved were gay!

While thus I mused beside their verdant graves, Came Nature in her most angelic form,
With maiden lips and eyes, and whispered thus,
And pointed to their humble grassy mounds:—

- 'Light lie the sod upon their graves, pure hearts!
- 'The dewy sun-light there shall ever fall!
- 'There flowers shall gather beauty from their clay!
- 'The grass was green upon the centre grave,
- 'Long ere the husband and the wife lay down
- 'To sleep amid the mighty of the earth.
- 'Oh! cease to wonder at the maiden's grief-
- 'Tween Henry Allen and his noble wife
- 'A BROKEN HEART IN TRANQUIL SLUMBER LIES.'

### A Voice from the Milliver's Workroom.

Each thing that lives beneath the stars
Adorns our wandering earth
With some bright ray of beauty's power,
Or virtue's milder worth.
But far the sweetest purest gem,
In nature's bounteous mine,
Is she around whose maiden heart
Love's sacred tendrils twine.

But seldom doth her hapless fate
Our selfish thoughts engage,
Though carefully we watch the flower,
And tend the young bird's cage.
We think not of the weary hours
She toils to swell our pride,
In the feverish room, till the rose's bloom
From off her cheek hath died.

For ere the calm immortal lights
Fade from the morning sky,
Till evening twilight melts o'er earth,
'Mid softest melody,
She still must toil to frame the gauds
Her haughty sisters wear,
Whilst silently the shades of fate
Her burial clothes prepare.

Oh, sisters! think of bitter tears,
In sorrow's silence shed;
Of pangs that rend the struggling soul,
Till every hope has fled—.
Till the noble spirit, in whose pure depths
The love of love's impearled,
With all its worth is lost to earth,
That fashion may rule the world.

Oh! lost to virtue, hope, and love!
Oh! lost to life and light!

More pure than silver dew-drops wept
Upon the breast of night!

A revelation of Beauty's power!
A beam of heaven's own Truth!

A portion of nature's fervid soul,
Arrayed in the glories of youth!

Oh, sisters! mourn the noble hearts
That sleep beneath the clay;
And know that Virtue's far too rare,
To sweep like dross away.
And oh! methinks your lovely cheeks
Would blanch in your selfish mirth,
Did I name the sin of those who cast
The BEAUTY OF GOD from earth.

#### Tineg.

- Oh! give the poor youth back again that happy smile he wore,
- That light free heart and bounding step that charmed his walks of yore.
- For now no beauty lights the earth—no glory gems the skies—
- For all he loved is blended in the light of thy soft eyes.
- Thou hast stolen its music from the bird—its fragrance from the flower,
- And all the tranquil loveliness that blessed his twilight hour,
- And mingled them with thy fair form, to raise thy woman's grace,
- And if he seeks for beauty he must gaze upon thy face.
- Then, maiden, with thy loving voice, bring back the smile he wore;
- The light free heart, and bounding step I fear he'll know no more.

## Cruth.

Long ere the human voice breathed forth
The prayer the full heart felt,
Amid the deep primeval woods,
TRUTH'S mighty spirit dwelt.
Her form was imaged in the streams—
Her glory in the stars—
The beauty and the majesty
Of flower and cloud were hers.
In the elements her voice was heard
O'er earth's remotest steeps,
As she moved in sombre loveliness
Along the foaming deeps.

Yet when a rarer beauty moved
With human kind o'er earth,
She came from out her solitudes,
And sat beside man's hearth.
And her attendant spirits shed
The joys of love around,
And in the sunny smile of Peace,
Earth showed like holy ground.
For childhood's laugh and the lover's plaint,
Were the harshest sounds that rose
On the twilight air, as the patriarch's prayer
Blent with the eve's repose.

But nourished by the beams of bliss,
PRIDE grew within man's breast,
And spread its rankling poisons there,
To rob the heart of rest.
It slew the nobler powers that dwelt
Within the youthful soul;
And freed the darker passions there
From reason's high control;
And sought to slay the spirit of Truth
In impotence of power,
For still she lived in wild bird's songs,
And fragrance of the flower.

When Truth was banished far from men, Despotic powers arose;

Then Murder with its blood-red hand,
And War with its million woes,
And Famine with its gaunt grim train,
And Pestilence, and Crime,

And Madness with its horrid laugh, Tainted the breath of Time.

Yet still she looked from where the stars Died slowly in the west, And wept in pitying dews that fell

On evening's dusky breast.

And never would she all forsake

The suffering sons of clay;
But came and breathed her lofty voice
In the hopeful poet's lay.
She spake from many a noble soul,

And o'er the wild world rolled Her lofty accents winged with power To make earth's blooms unfold;

And though men bound her bleeding form
Amid the dungeon's gloom,

A calm immortal light uprose, And brightened o'er her tomb. And yet again she shall descend
Amid the homes of men,
And to the wondering earth display
Her glories once again.
The beauty of her countenance,
The magic of her thought,
Shall teach a deeper eloquence
Than words have ever taught;
Her presence cheer the sorrowful
And animate the free,
And tears be dried when human laws
With Nature's laws agree.

#### Birtue.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

A fatal heaviness oppressed his mind;
A brooding shadow darkened o'er his soul;
Nor could the sounds that vocalized the wind
Release his spirit from its thoughts' controul.
He seemed to hear the sullen death-bell toll
Its drowsy murmurs, heralding the blight
Of youth and beauty, 'mid the music's roll,
And wearied with the dance and song and light,
He, listless, left his home and wandered in the night.

And there the stars flung through the twilight gloom

Their accents holy as the voiceless prayer

A mother thinks upon her offspring's tomb.

A sacred silence calmed the slumbering air!

While mystic voices, softly whispering there,

Seemed on the wanderer's darkened thought to swell.

Revealing that the breast is calmer where Sweet Virtue 'mid her sacred thoughts doth dwell.

Than is the calm spring eve in this all-hallowed dell.

And thus they whisper in their murmuring:—
'For there the Stream of Peace shall roll along;
Reflected there the star of Truth shall fling
Its glorious rays more beautiful and strong;
And there, the weeds and thorns of life among,
The flowers of Love and Hope shall ever blow;
And there shall Conscience breathe her peaceful song,

The beam of bliss with brighter luster glow,
Till the fair green tree of Fame o'er Virtue's grave
shall grow.'

But not for him these lowly murmurs rose,

For nature communes only with the good,

And sheds a balm alone for Virtue's woes

From plain and mountain, sky, and stream,
and wood.

But ah! the mind that never hath withstood
Its darker yearnings in the evil hour
She leaves to perish 'mid its own vile brood
Of thoughts and passions, till the softer power
Of Love dies from the heart, like fragrance from
the flower.

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# Che Leasons of Spring.

'One impulse from a vernal wood

May teach you more of man—

Of moral evil and of good,

Than all the sages can.'

WORDSWORTH.

A great teacher has once more come among us. Spring once more scatters abroad green leaves and floral garlands to delight and instruct us. The souls of those who toil may now receive fresh impulses in the groves and fields, and in the dewy mornings and star-lit evenings learn, through the revelation of Infinite Love, more true wisdom than from the most elaborate productions of human genius. Art is imitative and fleeting;

Nature primitive and eternal. He is indeed dull who

'No divinity in grass, Life in dead stones, or spirit in sir.'

Nature's humblest existences—the weed—the leaf—are endowed with tongues of wisdom. All earth and heaven are musical with the poetry of being when the mellow song of the thrush blends with the repose of the twilight hills. It is not simply for its beauty that Spring is dear to us. It comes like the message of a kind father to his depressed and erring children. It is for its carnest lessons that we should watch its coming and cherish its presence among us; for, during this, the 'Spring and play-time of the year,' the soul may gather knowledge abundantly, be rendered alive to the impressions of natural beauty, and made a more fervent worshipper of truth. The germ of mental excellence, which exists to some extent in all hearts, becomes now united with brighter hopes and deeper energies. The homely greeting we now receive from the honest lips of our hard-worked peasantry, while it displays the beneficial influence of communion with the free open face of Nature, manifests a joyful friendliness and sweet simplicity which at once captivate and subdue the rudest hearts. There is in it something akin to that message of love which we hear whispered upon the soft

spring gale. The character of these tillers of the fields. partakes of that of the country in which they live. If we possessed power to discern the root of all things, we should discover that there is not so much dissimilarity in Nature's various productions as we are likely, at first sight, to imagine. All are links in one vast chain which unites all powers and existences indissolubly In the sweet and simple character of the earliest flowers, for example, we are reminded of the first blossoms of human beauty—the simple virtues of The loveliness of the vernal aspect is rivalled by the sweet smile of the rustic maiden; and the purity of the fragrant children of the sun and shower is allied to that of the confiding minds that now breathe, beside our willow-fringed streams, their mutual promises in loving hearts.

But, besides the general advantages accruing to us through the presence of Spring, there are others of a not less obvious, though of a more individual character. We are taught the worth of humility and patience—the power of love, and to be hopeful under privation and distress. Let it not be said that we have no need of these lessons. The world groans with sorrow. The life of man, from the cradle to the grave, is one of vexation and disappointment. Starvation sickens along our highways; vice pollutes our streets; our gaols are receptacles for ignorance; our workhouses for honest

poverty. Yet let none accuse just Heaven as the author of man's misfortunes. He was created pure; he has corrupted himself; he stands alone in the blackness of his own misery. The American poet affirms a sublime truth, when he exclaims

'All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.'

If we would restore its primitive loveliness to that angel heart, let us hearken attentively to the truths unfolded to us by the advent of Spring. It teaches us to be humble and patient, as we have now to plough and sow ere we can hope to reap; the powers of Love and Mercy are revealed to us through azure skies, and dewy breezes; and the immortal song of Hope is breathed in the budding leaves and flowers.

1. We are taught humility and patience. These two attributes are intimately connected. He who is meek and lowly cannot admit impatience into his vocabulary. He observes and feels the effects of evil, but he knows that impetuosity will only augment them. He knows, too, that human happiness has no foe more bitter than human pride. Beneath its blighting influence the

flowers of human beauty sicken and die. Pride manifests itself in a variety of ways, but its results are always evil. There are none too high or too low to escape its influence. It intrudes itself not only into meaner affairs, but also into those of the heart. Let us speak, for an instant, to the young and beautiful. How many noble intellects have been destroyed, bright eyes dimned, and fond hearts broken, by a proud unbending spirit! If we were to inquire the cause why many fair and excellent beings wend their way, in sorrow and alone, down the vale of life, we should hear it told in a melancholy tale, ending in that one word, 'Pride.' Oh! be humble, children of earth. Learn from our universal mother this most instructive lesson-we are all dependent creatures; we must toil ere we can feast; without the aid of a mightier power than our own we cannot hope for prosperity. Let us be humble under reproof, patient under affliction. 'What wound did ever heal except by slow degrees?' By virtue of a power beyond our controul, nature puts forth the buds and leaves in Spring, but we have to wait awhile ere we can gather the fruit.

2. Spring teaches us the efficacy of love to soften and subdue the evil tendencies of humanity. Man is a portion of nature. He is an unit in the great sum of things that compose this universal frame. He is the

highest manifestation of the governing attributes of life Need we inquire what are those governing attributes? The lark carolling above our corn fields and meadowsthe uncorrupted children wreathing their primroses in their playmates' hair—all nature attest that they are love and mercy. If these powers were no longer to exist, the birds' soft voices would be lost-the flowers would cease to bloom-the sun itself would set in dark-But man, the noblest and fairest of all things. turns the innate love of his heart into hatred-its mercy into vindictiveness. He commits evil that evil may be He slays his kind, and rears the gibbet that requited. he may destroy the destroyer. He sows the seeds of evil, and gives it power to increase and multiply. assumes to himself the wisdom of Infinity, and proudly declares himself the dispenser of justice. Alas! he will only cease to be less than those created beneath him when he again 'becomes as a little child,' and accepts nature as his guide and preceptor. Of what avail is all his boasted intelligence if it be not applied to enhance his self-control? His guiding principle is self-love, and that can never induce self-reverence, without which he can never realize happiness. But fear not, the great teacher is abroad. We may hear his voice in the 'fostering breezes,' and in the 'tender showers,' teaching us that if we would cleanse the evils of humanity, and develop its beauties and its virtues, we must cast aside the wintry frown of revenge, and assume the spring-tide smile of benevolence.

3. By Spring we are taught to be hopeful amid all our sorrows. Not long since the natural world was overcast by the clouds of winter. The north blast bore the sounds of desolation and flung its icy maritle over all the earth. But now the birds' clear voices swell melodiously beneath silver skies. The germ of beauty that lay hidden beneath the snow-flake reveals itself in the bursting leaves and starry flowers. Then let us Let us bravely hope on. Though never despair. troubles oppress us, let our 'faith be large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end.' Let us trust that that power which has rescued nature will also rescue man from his sorrows; and that, as Spring arises from the tomb of winter radiant with light and song, the social world will revive more beautiful from the ruins of the past.

Thus far we have endeavoured to describe a few of the principal Lessons of Spring. There are, doubtless, many others which the careful student may observe and apply. Oh! let us thank heaven that we have ever near us so wise and beneficent an instructor as Nature. Let us hope that we may be able to read aright the lessons which the seasons unfold to us, that we may have power to apply them to our advantage, and thus become better and wiser, till

'Man rejoicing in the world's new Spring, Shall walk transparent like some holy thing.'

FINIS.

